behappy Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Be. If Signior Leonato be her father, ſhe would not haue his head on her ſhoulders for all Meſſina as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Bene. What my deere lady Diſdaine! are you yet liuing?

Bea. Is it poſſible Diſdaine ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meete foode to feede it, as ſignior Benedicke? Curteſie it ſelfe muſt conuert to Diſdaine, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is curteſie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onelie you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happineſſe to women, they would elſe haue beene troubled with a pernitious ſuter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my dog barke at a crow, than a man ſweare he loues me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiſhip ſtil in that mind, ſo ſome Gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, and twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of yours.

Ben. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer, but keep your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a iades tricke, I know you olde.

Pedro That is the ſumme of all: Leonato, ſignior Claudio, and ſignior Benedicke, my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited you all, I tell him we ſhall ſtay here, at the leaſt a moneth, and he heartily praies ſome occaſion may detaine vs longer, I dare ſweare he is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you ſweare, my lord, you ſhall not be forſworne, let mee bidde you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

John I thanke you, I am not of many wordes, but I thanke you.

Leon.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace leade on?

Pedro Your hand Leonato, we will go together.

Exeunt. Manent Benedicke & Claudio

Clau. Benedicke, didſt thou note the daughter

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookte on her,

Clau. Is ſhe not a modeſt yong ladie?

Bene. Do you queſtion me as an honeſt man f for my ſimple true iudgement? or would you hau after my cuſtome, as being a profeſſed tyrant to the

Claudio No, I pray thee ſpeake in ſober iudgem

Bene. Why yfaith me thinks ſhees too low for too browne for a faire praiſe, and too litle for a grea lie this commendation I can affoord her, that were then ſhe is, ſhe were vnhanſome, and being no othe is, I do not like her.

Claudio Thou thinkeſt I am in ſport, I pray th truelie how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buie her that you enquier aft

Claudio Can the world buie ſuch a iewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to putte it into, but ſpeak with a ſad brow? or doe you play the flowting iacke Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare C Come, in what key ſhall a man take you to go in the

Claudio In mine eie, ſhee is the ſweeteſt Ladie lookt on.

Bened. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſ matter: theres her coſin, and ſhe were not poſſeſt w exceedes her as much in beautie, as the firſt of Maie laſt of December: but I hope you haue no intent to band, haue you?

Claudio I would ſcarce truſt my ſelfe, though I ha the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.

Bened. Iſt come to this? in faith hath not the w man but he will weare his cappe with ſuſpition? ſha ſee a batcheller of three ſcore againe? go to yfaith, and needes thruſt thy necke into a yoke, weare the print ſigh away ſundaies: looke, don Pedro is returned to